



### Reasons Why They Should Be Elected.

The tariff on silk and its work. We will take the silk industry of New Jersey. We made last year in New Jersey \$28,330,400 worth of silk goods on a capital invested of \$11,500,000, and employed in this industry alone over 20,000 working people, to whom were paid over \$4,700,000 in wages. These 20,000 people employed in this business—some in Paterson, some in Passaic, some in Hoboken, some in Newark, and some in other localities—received these wages. Many, indeed most of these people, have families and girls have parents who live from the wages earned in these mills. If you assume that each of these persons has two others dependent upon him or her, and who live from the wages earned, it will make 60,000 people all of whom are directly living from this one industry.—The American Tariff Catechism.

TOM MORGAN, of the Eureka Democratic Messenger, is supporting the fusion ticket, but it is mighty wearing on him. In his last issue he says: "The human conscience is supposed to be constantly at work night and day, but it gets in its best licks on a fellow when he wakes up to think over past events at about three o'clock in the morning."

Capital: S. S. King, the man who sold out the alliance in the Second district to Banker Moore, is in the city. The fixers have agreed to make King United States Senator in case the next legislature is captured by the People's party. It turns out now that King's sell-out to Banker Moore was the best thing that could have happened to the Republicans. At least 3,000 alliance men who would have voted for King will now vote for Funston, and at the same time most of them will vote the entire Republican State ticket.

All reports from the Second District are to the effect that Col. Moore Democratic nominee for Congress, is making a strong canvass and has full assurance of receiving the entire Democratic and People's party vote. It will seem like old times again to the neighbors in Allen county to hear Farmer Funston calling for help in the gloaming.—Eureka Messenger (Fusion).

Col. Moore is a Democratic banker. He belongs to one of the old parties which, we were told, two years ago were alike corrupt and rotten. He also belongs to a class who were then particularly hated by the People's party—money loaners. Now these People are trying to elect him to Congress over the only farmer now representing this State in Congress. We farmers are right in it, this year, with our new party!—Morris Record.

A BILL OF EXCUSES. Hon. Joseph G. Lowe, the Democratic leader in the northwest, is one man who doesn't propose to be fused, and he has given his reasons for it in an open letter that is a corker. Here are a few extracts:

Does the Democratic party or any considerable number of them believe in the "sub treasury," "land loan" and "flat money schemes"? Do they believe in the purchase and control of the railroads, the telegraph and the telephone by the general government? Do they believe in the doctrine of fiat money, of irredeemable paper currency? Do they believe that every government employee should be disfranchised and denied the right of suffrage? Do they believe that the mass of the Democratic party have been dishonest and corrupt for the past quarter of a century? Do they believe that the tariff under the leadership of our Cleveland is to be a false and feigned issue, a decoy to induce men to vote against their interests? Do they believe that labor should antagonize capital any more than capital should labor? If they do not, then what good reason can be assigned for deserting the "old guard," for surrendering the organization, for the hands of an untried political organization in whose principles we find nothing in harmony with our honest convictions? Cannot we better subvert the interests of good government by holding together the Democratic party?

Surrender unconditional, and absolute, has never before been known. It is a cowardly Kansas production. We get nothing in return for our valuable votes. The contract was one without consideration and therefore not binding in either law or morals and ought to be repudiated by every Democrat in the State. This is not fusion and no one is bound by it. Without a Democratic ticket to vote, thousands will prefer the honor of being disfranchised to that of exercising a cowardly and disgraceful suffrage.

DESERVING PRAISE. We desire to say to our citizens that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Pile Cure, and have never handled remedies that sell so well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their popularity purely on their merits. W. J. Evans druggist.

### FRED FUNSTON HEARD FROM.

Our Wide Wanderer Sends a Graphic Account of Some of the Things He Has Seen in the Far North.

YAKUTAT BAY, Aug. 29, 1892. The fact that letter writing in camp is the most unsatisfactory of all occupations is the only excuse I can give for so long neglecting my promise to give the readers of the REGISTER an idea of life up here at the jumping-off place of the world.

I shall not burden my letter with a detailed account of the long voyage of the little iron coast-survey steamer "Hassler" from San Francisco to Yakutat Bay, although a volume could be written on that subject alone, and shall pass by briefly our visit to Port Townsend and the pleasant stay of three days at Victoria, the pretty capital of British Columbia, a town as thoroughly English as if it were situated on the banks of the Severn instead of the coast of Vancouver's Island. From Victoria the Hassler steamed to Departure Bay, B. C., for coal and after a stay of four days entered the famous "inside passage" for Alaska.

Tourists galore and the writers of guide books have described better than I can that wonderful channel between the islands and the mainland extending from Puget Sound, Washington, to Cross Sound, Alaska, by which the largest ship ever built can steam for fifteen hundred miles on salt water and never once be in sight of the open ocean or more than two miles from land on either side. Day after day and night after night the Hassler threaded that narrow and tortuous channel, sometimes three miles and sometimes three hundred feet wide. On either side were mountains and impenetrable forests, the former sometimes rising almost sheer for a mile from the water's edge. The water was as smooth as glass, and for two weeks not a cloud crossed the sky. It was like navigating some mighty river. Time and again it seemed that it was to end where some huge snow-covered peak blocked the way; but when the supposed obstruction was reached it was found that the passage made a sharp turn either to right or left, and the little steamer kept on its way. Occasionally an Indian village with its inevitable totem poles was passed, and the natives gathered in groups on the beach, while their thousand or less of dogs barked furiously at the white ship plowing through the water. More than once deer were seen at the water's edge, while seal were as common as coyotes in Colorado.

We anchored for several days at Port Simpson, on the extreme northern coast of British Columbia, only twenty miles from the Alaskan line. Inside a log stockade, bastioned and loop-holed, are the low buildings of the trading post, and floating over them the flag of the Hudson Bay Fur Company. Port Simpson is pretty much behind the times, and things are done here as they were years ago, when Sir George Simpson and Alex. McKenzie ruled the Northwest Territory with a rod of iron. The supply ship of the Fur Company calls a few times a year, and sometimes a sealing schooner stops for water. The Indians a large number of whom live in the vicinity, are allowed inside the stockade to trade, a few at a time, first carefully depositing their muzzle-loading guns and sheath knives on the outside. This indicates a distrust of the noble red man that pains me greatly, and shows the hard-heartedness of this great monopoly which has in such a ruthless manner put a stop to the great biennial looting of the trading post and massacre of the employees which in years past has furnished so much amusement for these simple children of the forest.

After a stay of four days at this place we resumed our voyage up the seemingly endless inside passage, the country as we went farther north becoming more mountainous, with here and there great glaciers extending from the beach far back into the mountains. On the thirteenth day of May the Hassler, rounding the northern end of Baranoff Island, dropped anchor in the harbor of Sitka, the capital of Alaska, where she remained for several days.

Sitka, with a population of two hundred whites, mostly Russians, and some eight hundred Indians, is the center of civilization in Uncle Sam's far northern possessions. Here are the marine barracks and the gunboat Pinta, to keep the natives straight, and the big Presbyterian mission school,—in charge, of course, of a Kansas man, Mr. Alfred Docking. The Greek Church of the Russians also controls an Indian school, while the old Russian church is one of the sights of Sitka. On a big rock near the harbor is "Baranoff Castle," the old residence of Admiral Baranoff, one of the early Russian governors. We climbed the steps and looked through the now empty rooms where years ago the frisky old Admiral and his bibulous companions used to hold high jinks through the long winter nights, and where many a luckless Thinker caught in some petty infraction of the laws has been sentenced to death or to the knout. While we lay at Sitka the harbor was enlivened by the presence of the United States men of war "Mohican" and "Adams," on their way to Berlin. Sea to protect the seal rookeries from the Canadian poachers.

After a few pleasant days in Sitka we started on the last stretch of our long voyage, only to encounter a furiously northwesterly gale, and be compelled to put back to Sitka for shelter or be battered to pieces. I shall not attempt a description of that storm,

but merely say that the captain of the Hassler, who has been for twenty years an officer in the navy, had never seen its equal. The next start from Sitka, made two days later, was more fortunate, and everything went well. On the morning of the nineteenth of May everybody was on deck gazing at what men who have seen all that the world has to offer in the way of mountains, agree is without comparison the grandest mountain picture on the face of the earth. The day was perfectly clear, and we were running along the coast about ten miles off shore. Stretching along the coast, separated from the beach by only a narrow strip of low forest, and unobstructed by foot-hills, rose the long line of tremendous peaks that make up the so-called St. Elias Alps, among them Fairweather, Crillon, La Perouse and others more than 16,000 feet high. As far as the eye could reach, north and south, was that panorama of peaks and glaciers. The mountains were spotted white from base to summit, and the reflection of the white range in the blue water of the ocean is simply beyond description.

And along such a picture as this we steamed all of that never-to-be-forgotten day. At seven o'clock in the morning the officer on watch announced a large peak far ahead. Away in the dim distance, apparently isolated from the other mountains, was what looked like a white cone peering above the horizon. It was Mt. St. Elias, one hundred and eighty miles away, the highest mountain on the continent north of Orizaba. The ship's course was headed straight for the peak, and at five o'clock there appeared a wide opening in the range, into which the Hassler steamed, and an hour later dropped anchor a few hundred yards off the Thlinket village in Yakutat Bay, after an eventful voyage of thirty-three days from San Francisco.

Why Dame Nature saw fit to stick away up here in this corner of the world, far beyond the route of tourist travel, with no one to gaze upon them but a few savages and an occasional explorer, the Malaspina Glacier and Mt. St. Elias, is a mystery. At the risk of overdoing the scenery business I shall attempt a brief description of these two sights. It is best, probably, to begin with a few comparisons. The great peaks of the Rockies and Sierra Nevada, having an average elevation above the sea of 14,000 feet, either rise from plateaus nearly half as high or are surrounded by foot hills and other mountains to such an extent that nearly half their height is lost. Although I have never seen the Alps, naval officers who have visited them tell me that such is the case with them as well as with the Andes. As seen from Yakutat Bay, Mt. St. Elias rises from the sea level to the tremendous height of 18,100 feet, or three and one half miles. No large peak is in the immediate vicinity, and no foot hill obstructs the view. It is a perfect mountain, rising by steep and regular ascents to a square-topped peak. Although heroic attempts to reach the summit have been made by Schwatka and Russell, the mountain has never been climbed, and probably never will be. Its elevation, 18,100 feet, was definitely ascertained last year by Prof. Russell, after complete and accurate observations.

People who visit the Alps and the Sierra Nevada are shown what are called "glaciers"—large patches of dirty, dark-packed snow with a ridge of stones along the edges and cracks or crevasses in the snow indicating that there is a downward motion. These glaciers are sometimes a mile or two long and several hundred yards wide, and I am told are regarded as worth a hard climb to see. We have here at Yakutat Bay what we regard as a very respectable glacier, it being the largest in the world. A few figures may give some idea of its dimensions. The frontage, from Yakutat Bay to Ice Cape is ninety miles, the extent from the beach to its head is from fifteen to twenty-five miles, and the thickness of the pure blue ice of which it is composed may be judged by the fact that crevasses wide enough to drop the State House at Topeka in to have been sounded to a depth of thirteen hundred feet,—a great field of ice as large as the Second congressional district moving slowly but with irresistible force to the sea. From its surface come from time to time rumblings and booms like distant thunder as new crevasses are formed or the old ones widened. Such is the world's greatest glacier,—the Malaspina. It was amid such sights that we were to spend the summer.

No sooner had the Hassler anchored than some thirty Indians, mostly women and children, pushed off in canoes and came on board with baskets, furs, trinkets and other native products for sale. The Thlinket village is composed of some twenty odd-looking houses in which live about two hundred people. The Alaskan builds his house on a plan peculiar to the country. Doors are dispensed with, and entrance is had through a round hole about two feet in diameter, through which the visitor wriggles himself, and as soon as he has recovered from the peculiar odor and his eyes become used to the darkness, finds squatted about on the floor about a dozen men, women and children, the men dressing skins, the women making baskets and the children wallowing in filth. In the middle of the floor a brick fire is kept burning, the smoke escaping through a hole left in the roof for that purpose. Each house is occupied by from two to six families, who seem to get along together remarkably well.

The Thlinkets are a queer mixture,—a ten parts of barbarism to one of civilization. But little attention is paid

## Pears' Soap

The skin ought to be clear; there is nothing strange in a beautiful face.

If we wash with proper soap, the skin will be open and clear, unless the health is bad. A good skin is better than a doctor.

The soap to use is Pears'; no alkali in it. It is perhaps the only soap in the world with no alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

to the deencies of life. Polygamy is common, and women and children are bought and sold as are cattle in Kansas, to whom ever wants to buy. By paying the price, from thirty to one hundred dollars, a man becomes the absolute owner of a woman. I saw a boy about thirteen years old sold by his father for one hundred dollars. All of this in the United States of America in this year of Grace 1892. But these people have their good points; they are almost unknown, and they take excellent care of the aged and infirm. In the three months that I have been among them I have yet to see the first quarrel. Three years ago the Swedish Lutherans established a mission among them, and have some thirty children in the mission school. These youngsters are taught the English language, and are compelled to keep clean and live like whites. The mission school-masters are native born Kansans.

When dressed for some holiday occasion these Indians, especially the young men and women, are by no means bad looking. The children are healthy and fine looking, and when kept clean are remarkably pretty. The Thlinkets bear little or no resemblance to the Indians of the States; the complexion is lighter and clearer, and the features more regular and pleasing. The prominent cheek-bone is wanting, while the eyes have a decided slant. In fact a Thlinket would appear less at home at San Carlos or Pine Ridge than in Yokohama. I never saw a happier or more contented people. They have all they want to eat and wear. Salmon are so plentiful that they are killed with clubs in the streams. Yakutat Bay swarms with the hair seal, while shell fish are found by the boat load. During the summer season the woods are full of wild berries. The trader gives good prices for their furs and baskets and deals squarely with them. They have never had any trouble with the whites and the result is that white men are liked and welcomed. This is the case more with Yakutat than with some other Thlinket villages. More than twenty years ago Sitka was the scene of a terrible battle between the Indians and a force of soldiers and sailors, and about ten years ago the man of war "Adams" bombarded and totally destroyed Killisnoo, on account of the murders of white men.

Shortly after the arrival of the Hassler I made my camp in the Indian village, where I have remained since, varying the monotony by several long and rather perilous canoe trips along the coast, one of which I shall try to write up for the REGISTER before my return. The McGrath party camped on the west side of the bay, near Point Manby and put in the summer attempting to ascertain the exact longitude of St. Elias in connection with the work of the boundary survey.

The Hassler made bi-weekly trips to Sitka and spent the remainder of the time sounding the bay and making a chart of its shores.

FRED FUNSTON.



### CURE SICK HEAD

Rich Headache and relieve all the troubles that result from a bilious state of the system, such as Indigestion, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most successful success has been shown in curing Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing biliousness, and all the troubles that result from a bilious state of the system. They are sold by all druggists and by mail for 25 cents a box. Write for a free trial box.

At the time of so many lives that have been saved by Carter's Little Liver Pills, it is not surprising that they are so widely known. They are sold by all druggists and by mail for 25 cents a box. Write for a free trial box. CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

### Rail Road Time-Table.

SOUTHERN KANSAS—GOING NORTH.	
No. 200—Passenger, daily.	12:41 p. m.
No. 201—Passenger, daily.	2:30 p. m.
No. 202—Passenger, daily.	4:19 p. m.
No. 203—Passenger, daily.	6:08 p. m.
No. 204—Passenger, daily.	7:57 p. m.
No. 205—Passenger, daily.	9:46 p. m.
No. 206—Passenger, daily.	11:35 p. m.
No. 207—Passenger, daily.	1:24 a. m.
No. 208—Passenger, daily.	3:13 a. m.
No. 209—Passenger, daily.	5:02 a. m.
No. 210—Passenger, daily.	6:51 a. m.
No. 211—Passenger, daily.	8:40 a. m.
No. 212—Passenger, daily.	10:29 a. m.
No. 213—Passenger, daily.	12:18 p. m.
No. 214—Passenger, daily.	2:07 p. m.
No. 215—Passenger, daily.	3:56 p. m.
No. 216—Passenger, daily.	5:45 p. m.
No. 217—Passenger, daily.	7:34 p. m.
No. 218—Passenger, daily.	9:23 p. m.
No. 219—Passenger, daily.	11:12 p. m.
No. 220—Passenger, daily.	1:01 a. m.
No. 221—Passenger, daily.	2:50 a. m.
No. 222—Passenger, daily.	4:39 a. m.
No. 223—Passenger, daily.	6:28 a. m.
No. 224—Passenger, daily.	8:17 a. m.
No. 225—Passenger, daily.	10:06 a. m.
No. 226—Passenger, daily.	11:55 a. m.
No. 227—Passenger, daily.	1:44 p. m.
No. 228—Passenger, daily.	3:33 p. m.
No. 229—Passenger, daily.	5:22 p. m.
No. 230—Passenger, daily.	7:11 p. m.
No. 231—Passenger, daily.	9:00 p. m.
No. 232—Passenger, daily.	10:49 p. m.
No. 233—Passenger, daily.	12:38 a. m.
No. 234—Passenger, daily.	2:27 a. m.
No. 235—Passenger, daily.	4:16 a. m.
No. 236—Passenger, daily.	6:05 a. m.
No. 237—Passenger, daily.	7:54 a. m.
No. 238—Passenger, daily.	9:43 a. m.
No. 239—Passenger, daily.	11:32 a. m.
No. 240—Passenger, daily.	1:21 p. m.
No. 241—Passenger, daily.	3:10 p. m.
No. 242—Passenger, daily.	4:59 p. m.
No. 243—Passenger, daily.	6:48 p. m.
No. 244—Passenger, daily.	8:37 p. m.
No. 245—Passenger, daily.	10:26 p. m.
No. 246—Passenger, daily.	12:15 a. m.
No. 247—Passenger, daily.	2:04 a. m.
No. 248—Passenger, daily.	3:53 a. m.
No. 249—Passenger, daily.	5:42 a. m.
No. 250—Passenger, daily.	7:31 a. m.
No. 251—Passenger, daily.	9:20 a. m.
No. 252—Passenger, daily.	11:09 a. m.
No. 253—Passenger, daily.	12:58 p. m.
No. 254—Passenger, daily.	2:47 p. m.
No. 255—Passenger, daily.	4:36 p. m.
No. 256—Passenger, daily.	6:25 p. m.
No. 257—Passenger, daily.	8:14 p. m.
No. 258—Passenger, daily.	10:03 p. m.
No. 259—Passenger, daily.	11:52 p. m.
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No. 298—Passenger, daily.	10:43 p. m.
No. 299—Passenger, daily.	12:32 a. m.
No. 300—Passenger, daily.	2:21 a. m.

PORT SCOTT, WICHITA & WESTERN—GOING EAST.  
No. 454—Passenger, daily. 8:44 p. m.  
No. 455—Way freight, daily ex Sun. 2:23 p. m.  
No. 456—Way freight, daily ex Sun. 12:23 p. m.  
No. 457—Passenger, daily. 10:54 a. m.  
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### DENTISTRY.

S. J. Crow—Office at residence of Dr. Seth Torer.

A. T. Crow—Dental surgeon. Office over Richards & Welch's store. Fine gold work a specialty.

### ATTORNEYS.

J. R. Goshorn—attorney-at-law and notary public. Office over Contant's hardware store, Iola, Kan.

H. A. Ewing, County Atty. H. H. Bennett, Ewing & Bennett. Office at Court House.

A. H. Campbell—attorney-at-law. Will practice in any court of the State. Office one door east of post office, up stairs, Iola, Kan.

Font, Grace & Font—attorneys and counselors-at-law. Office two doors north of Northrup's bank, Iola, Kan.

Gard & Roberts—Lawyers. Office in REGISTER building.

### PHYSICIANS.

W. D. Scott, M. D.—physician and accoucher. Office in J. W. Scott's drug store.

J. F. Jewell, M. D.—physician and surgeon. Special attention paid to surgery and eye diseases. Moran, Kansas.

L. Toser, M. D.—Office west side square, Iola, Kansas. Special attention given to the diseases of females and children.

C. H. Boulton—Homeopathic physician. Surgery and diseases of women and children a specialty. Office at residence near Pennsylvania Central Hotel.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Allen county Horticultural Society meets in the second Saturday in each month at 2 p. m. Robt. Cook, Pres.

Iola Public Library—Over Northrup's bank. Open every Saturday from 2 to 8 p. m. Stock and membership tickets for sale at the room. Mrs. Wm. Knapp, Librarian.

Bible Society—A supply of bibles and testaments may be found at the Allen county bible Depository. J. W. Scott.

T. R. Stover—Abstractor of titles. Has a complete set of abstracts of titles for Allen county. The only one who makes investigation of titles a specialty. Iola, Kansas.

### SECRET SOCIETIES.

G. A. R.—McCook Post No. 51 meets the first Saturday on or before each full moon at G. A. R. Hall. All comrades invited to meet with the Post. I. Port, P. C.

G. A. R.—Sunderland Post No. 54 meets the first Saturday before the full moon of each month in Dawson hall, Moran. All comrades in good standing are invited. E. W. Matthews, P. C.

McCook Relief Corps, No. 145 meets the first and third Friday evenings of each month at G. A. R. Hall. Mrs. Anna Apple, Pres.

S. of V.—McCook Camp No. 129 meets first Saturday after meeting of McCook Post. All brothers in good standing are invited to meet with the Camp. Ed. T. Barber, Com.

I. O. G. T. meets every Monday night in G. A. R. Hall. Members in good standing invited to attend. Mrs. Little Shaffer, C. T.

### CHURCHES.

Episcopal—Services in Odd Fellows hall the second and fourth Sundays in each month